

# Immortalitas : The Book of the Heart of the Fallen Stars Caught

By

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## 1. Morbid

A shallow shadow follows, hollow,  
A swallow, in shade falls, halls,  
A gallows, home made calls,  
for whom the bell tolls, toll.

Xephon addressed the council in urgency searching for their wisdom in counsel desperately, as though there were something of a dangerous nature to their conversation with regards to this robed man who would later be found to be Time's alternate Shadow, Tyme the shadow of the hand of Time, Usurper in the First Instance.

“Anything that is good and moral, just, upright and worthy of contemplation within the modernity of the age..” his voice passed into the recesses of darkness as the council prepared to make their departure from the walled and gated city.

“..Honours, majesty, you must hear my call; glorious honour is its recompense within a noble state. That, my lord and liege is the

nature of this scorn. This forgotten realm of lovers lost and more than that, of these lovers slain. For too long, we each have held our needs, these very needs of ours in the highest of regards; yet none would dare challenge. The very height of this most excellence of nobility in humility and in what characterises our humanity is, to this day halting the progression of a state of being.” Xephon continued to council member Arac-xephonius, his uncle who remained silent whilst taking further counsel from another council member, Silous on why Belief was a soul amongst them even now.

“Perhaps talking of honour, of valour on battlefields unseen; where deepest shallow dream remains still and silenced only by a token, a gift from below or above this realm of reality and existence, we do not yet have the power. This honour, this very beating heart becometh a shadow, a mere reflection through the transcendence and awakening of a mirror within the halls and passages of memory. Enlivened are we as with the tenderness of the first kiss in mercy, good sir

Time. My sire and liege commands that my second be in love to your nation and peoples and my third kiss in adoration of your majesty as a tribute to your reflection of which in that with which we each whisper a hope of faith in our shared belief so we believe.” Silous continued but found a hostile reply.

“I need not your tribute!” Time boomed as a voice that startled many of the inhabitants of the city. Daniel was next to attempt to console the ruler as to the distance placed between himself and his betrothed due to the loss of their son.

“In the absoluteness of words, phrases, ideas and the completion of an ideal as opposed to a construction of the mind, some of the state of legislation is still intact. I call the archetype forward as a weapon of first instance.” thus the Archetype, the weapon time had been searching for came within inches of his position and yet he couldn’t touch it lest he break his cover. Daniel resumed thus;

“A call of foundation, a justice in contemplation of the embodiment of a principle, a tacitly innate and learned academic principle, a skill at one and the same time, this age of muscle over honour. Majesty I implore you not to use it. The Archetype will decimate vast swathes of war feuding Earth throughout history. To simply stand back and watch as all life is extinguished from any and every human vessel and say nothing at the end of all of humanity, is this the peace we are calling for?” but Time said nothing in counsel.

Trymarcus was next;

“Is it the way a person speaks, the way a person dresses or dreams of their future sire? Your their actions, the Populii General, in that we, the Council of Elders must promote the culture of civility in humble service; or is it neither mind nor body?” It was then that Time replied;

“What, pray tell is a soul? Is it within the heart or is it within this amalgamation of senses and environment?” he continued,

looking towards earth as the others began to motion towards their vehicles.

“I could draw a parallel between the depth of a character; the ideology and strength of speech in worship. I could, but this is enough to sate a soul..” It was then that Tyme introduced the flood from underneath his cloak to the universal constructs closest to him who instantly were turned into the legion or stone depending on their proximity; that began the onslaught. Time was instantly incapacitated and brought before Tyme.

“Where should I go? That was all too easy dearest brother of mine. Your throne has been removed.” Tyme thought aloud as he entered the forbidden hall of the Olken Kings of Axceracardia. It was there that he found Boudica’s book of Pagan Mythology. He began to read from her personal journal next and learnt of the trinity between the locations of the History of Carthage, the King of the Travellers known as Gypsy men and the movement and sound of the Sun from the Pharoah Amon Ra, Sun God and Monarch of the God and King he was searching for. He

cast his mind to the Rain of the statues of Easter Island, beyond the sleet of Horus, son of God and his twelve disciples. Beyond the Blackbird and Raven mythology of the Sky Father.

It was somewhere in between the effort of war, for the creator of dreaming who had just been slain.

“Every one stop!” he continued searching through Time’s mind for it.

“Construction of the Gregorian Calendar, time-zones, or GMT?” he paused and walked around the room.

“Leave us now.” he shouted as heavily armoured guards left the room.

“Central Control, Ladder, computer of the Old Black God’s, bring forth the image of the Oral History of the First People. He began to the opposing clans dismay for the council were being disbanded as he spoke.

“Accessing data file, key corrupted or missing.” the computer replied.

“What have you done with it?” he questioned Time who at this point was bloodied but had



not been shackled to the Quantum Ideal, the law of the constitution.

“What is the significance of Mary Queen of Scots the protestant reformer and her discontents in the form of Catholicism? What does this, this insignificant race have to do with you? Your a god?” but Time never said a word, even when he had been beaten.

“Atlantis, Pompei in Italy or was it Greece?” Tyme continued.

“Jesus Christ the holy saviour of mankind, this narrow child of yours has procreated with the lesser beings.” Tyme continued.

“Blessed be the divine!” called a guard who was struck through with a sword in less than the instantaneous moment it took for him to inhale and blink. Time remained unblinking.

“The lost city of Mu, not Atlantis, Mu; I see. Oppenheimer who became the bringer of death, the history of the atomic bomb. Stone henge, brother Moses and his tablets of the 10 commandments, the shape shifter with witch doctor. I see it all, the scribes, the blessings of the gods of Rome, Greece and Egypt. *Anno domini et Deus* after Christ was god saving

himself, what happened to Jesus?” Tyme continued mockingly.

“You leave him...” a voice called into the darkness of dawns red rays as Time was whipped.

“The shameless, nameless, blameless forever tracing their choices, to and fro, from whence? What nameless on yonder star art thought caught, falling as with the Destiny of Belief in which Mankind once was caught in the say of Gravitations beam of Archetypal Decay.” Tyme started quite quickly as he noted the calculations of the computer beginning to draw a flashing light.

“Ladders of the ancient Red’s, rock of the God’s whom you have awoken, you deepened the Chrysalis, now Choir song, now Staircase of the Elders, then never again to hear, see, smell and touch. Their flowers cease in the day, their faces forever star-wards gaze like life reflected in agony, a cell a single cell on the amoeba in Technicolour, all for rocks and rooks. Caressing this torturous soul, angel and accent unknown for this fire fuelled dancing to and from from whence, like the

Amazonian and the Cretan I. *'Who's name shall cease henceforth and forthwith forgo a trial of the kinds betwixt a man and a woman' who's name shall cease.* To them, we then remember the dead, they died, but on which side; or on backs and all fours with shattered wind pipes, ribs and arms, until the core should bleed uranium filings.

Oh ode, cruel and bitter ode to the sea of the words I, always I and me of the meing, merciless and all powerful Emperor of the moon, of who's dead lakes I once roamed, now to reside forever henceforth within the land of the living, beyond the Veil. Encompassing dead lakes and skies, and mountains, dead bitter roads and peoples long since vacated through instances of radio nuclear warfare and bitter strife. What manner of exile was that dear brother Time? No reception for the old gods have awoken. O woe to ye who fare through these hallowed gates such that the interests of the bearer of the news of the coming of the Lord Tyme and his kind of the Realty and all empires from the North to the Soul of the South becometh

Knoxeroxutiae not of cervix or spleen, not of  
bowel behind blind hospital screen. No, this  
my empire of a later day saint; self  
proclaimed latter day saint, strategist and  
tactician of the downfall of I in amidst the  
destruction and wake of the devastation. I  
stand. This, my only perch on high. This my  
only sky filled with entangled string  
delivering the time before time where  
existent in the nothingness of a fictitious  
outcry for the love of a fiction, of one word,  
me, meh meing, call me Excellency and bow  
to my address. Equally you may refer to me  
as the 'destroyer of all things, Times Hand  
and secondary shadow' on actual reflection,  
like a mirror, I am the creator of the crater  
that is my own.

A mirror polished to the newness of  
yesterday past. I merciless draft less  
prescription tonic to the very civilisation that  
created this, me useless in all but schizo-mind  
frame Psycho-active madness or psychotropic  
wave of anticipation of the impending, a  
disaster. The impending a disaster of the  
calls, a hark of the Cerberus, imagination is

all but the constant greyness. Amon, I seem him, even now, unawares of my intents on the shadow of the Hand of time, Shadow of the King apparent who lives in tall tower that phases in and out of time; home to all of creation and mankind, who being the prize between the Red Gods cannot face Eternity and Forever his true father and mother, poor sweet Creation. My Creation of house Death.

The mirror has cut the Australopithecine and the woman is contained in a sarcophagi, Architecture Gothic Research the Archetype, define the matter of God's Mandala, David and Goliath; the free myths. Name, Date, where, who even now is the hero. Why are they a hero if I cannot possess them as my toy, my play thing? Why follow this person, versus the belief system and pitfalls; Overcoming the danger of cultisc behaviour. What did they do? Why can't I remember. False religion, ancient religion, understanding native America and Buddhism as the same religion, this house religion coupled with Buddhism and politics. All and one as languages, a river nobody not one upon this

council of elected elders sat watching Time but I the oldest amongst them, like a hawk I surveyed the clocks and the ticking over of all things to things unseen before there was time. And then I found her. Before there was language and script, or rune and semaphore, of which these flags carry with them the singing signals of lanterns as artefacts, before there was smoke utilised over distance as an ancient evil, to highlight the location of the beginning for the king at the End, like a signal beacon. Before there was a hand to gesture or sharpened blade that took the fashion of tools to bend and tools to hammer. To pound on steel as the clashing of Kings steel on Knights and Kings, soldiers and horsemen guard as leader of an army the size of an unending tide. But with the heat of a blacksmith before the sea's rose on Earth and the temperature decreased only to increase, and finality became accepted convention of rules engaged and rules abused. There was this, a council of the forgotten tributaries, all leaders towards a stream temporal" the washing machine tipped and shakes as the

woman begins her entrance into the cafe to hear the continual voice ringing throughout the cosmos in all living things from the voice emanating as Tyme. It was the end of all life as he replaced people into the wrong multiverses with individuals working as Firemen finding themselves flying fighter jets with nuclear payloads in an instant.

“I love this mankind” Tyme began as he snapped his fingers and rewinded the explosion. His tone then changed.

“Omnivores, meaning ‘all eater’; Latin *omni* which means ‘all’ and *vorare*, present active infinitive form of *voro*. ‘I will devour’, ‘swallow up’ consuming all within my path from the extremities of mountain to shallow streams from clouds to oceans icecaps to tundra. All for that most precious of resources; that life vein from whence the primordial soup did bubble as with the Geyser, allowing an ice bath above hot spring on ice both above hot spring in winter, most lacking in warmth.” he paused to silence a soldier who was having a personal conversation.

“Crave it men and women of this my army still in my presence. Those who have been silence are here for a reason. Desiring this liquid clear, for the journey is long and to Time I mean nothing. To you I should be your leader. Minding nothing bar nomad tent unopened in plain view of normal noble soul undeniable. With peering eye and heart of the cretan Ghengus, that mongol barbaric. Where is he?” he waited until Ghengus was kneeling before him like a zombified warrior.

“You, shall have a special torture to the Nobles of the Black God’s, the Blue God’s and the White God’s for we the Red God’s ride forth tonight in our chariots flailing enemy and forsaking allies over distant trampling boiling and searing death in life as in death once more. Until sleep is to sleep unending, is now no longer the beautiful ones dream of an empire of Oracle led Sparta.” with that, Genghis left to Tyme’s demented laughter. Thus time began a question of love to his folly;

“If love must die, then we must have death in her place as queen!” he grimace. In this are



we equal in betrayal, in every regard awaiting our audience. The captive freed of their imagination, their essence displayed for all the world to witness the development of faith or salvation. Bring in the girl.” he shouted and with that, Amon’s daughter, Times betrothed who shared an awkward relationship, for the Shadow’s of the Queen apparent and the queen along with her betrothed were never to meet for obvious reasons. Time passed her a glance as if to say, *‘you are the hope of all’* yet Tyme’s cruel tyranny turned it’s hand to that of questioning emotion.

“Who shall compare this scene and it’s them, a resolution of her devolved emotion” the shadow, Salvation said nothing.

“I hope and pray everyday where others do not. I fear and feel until all fall silent to the whimsical folly of love in your name. Yet you do not know?”

“I am but a tree my lord!” she replied impetuously fighting the will to be caught under the modicum of his machinations of heart.

“A tree? A tree? You deign to devise schemes of heart as with the soul, to consort with the good reverend, the father of all fathers; Ceremonious!” Tyme pointed with his finger and the anger evident as he held an outstretched arm containing a sword pointed towards the leader of the revolt.

“If..” it was happening already, though Tyme was unawares of the nature of the Transcendence of these two of the White God’s, emblazoned in White and Gold. It was a recurring them. All the god’s could be distinguished from shadows and the lower houses of the Houses Major and Minor, their clans if you will for they always had golden reefs somewhere on their clothing, regardless of what age they were from. It was how they were distinguished from the non-elite upper echelons. Tyme was learning of all things in as quick a period as it had taken his predecessor and all other leaders of the Universal Constructs.

“If this physical fruit tree is fully grown, am I the seed or simply the product of the seed as a shadow of the futures former glory?” he

shouted in rage, the sound of his voice echoing through to the cloisters of which no body was attempting to fight him intentionally.

“I request a contract of civil exchange; this shall be most effective in our society within the boundaries of a constitution of legality.” the priest began but his words fell on deaf ears.

“Legality? You think your law shall save you from this, our war for aulden Time?” he mockingly allowed his voice to rise and fall as though it were a shallow corrolary of his role and duty in which all shadows were honour bound to serve, they could not have the freedom of free citizens.

“Transition between faith and morality, it is limited to attempt to observe without actual observation from this throne room, but look out over the empire.” he pointed towards the Pool of Ascendancy in the centre of the throne room and challenged everyone everywhere to look at the Pool.

“Faith in this transition is between morality and the limitations of this observation..”

Father Ceremonious called to Tyme but it was a coded message for Time.

“..Of the conciseness of the constitution of legislation; the foundation of education in the written laws of any and every nation...”

Ceremonious continued but was cut short by a sudden alarm. The Cerberus had been released.

## 2. The Computer at the beginning

The computer said nothing at first. She had long since been dead, though it was a matter of fact that the recording that was being

undertaken would come into effect. As cable was learning from an analogue impetus of the nature the world was not able to highlight and was transmitting all that it learnt to the central computer of Imperators controlling Epicentre computer, the hope that he held was long since waning. The pod that had remained buried and encased in layers of granite, igneous rock and volcanic lava long ago made way for trees and paved streets where the Earth was now desolate and unusable.

“Tuo vita sint notabilia” it had been so long since someone had spoken to him or since the earth beneath his feet had moved. He had ascended through a lot of machinery and the remainder of Abigail’s ingenious plan to upgrade Cable through the imperator O.S. replacing imperator and trapping him within the Escape hatch rather than Cable. His words, which meant *your life may be remarkable* in Latin were repeated in a number of different ways.

“Tuo sint notabilia. Notabilia sint” he called to the empty space where she should have

been long ago, yet there was no sight of her, not a sign. The words meant ‘*you may be remarkable. Remarkable*’, it was then that he came up with the idea to scan for her frequency marker which should have indicated her position within the temporal corollary of garbled thoughts, words and actions that were beginning to blur into one. “Sint notabilia sing. Vitae sint notabilia sint.” he called one last time, whilst calibrating the computer and was shocked as though the simple mention of the words caused it to happen. The words meant ‘*they are remarkable. Life may be remarkable*’. His tinkering over the ages were causing a breach in the space time continuum. The Flood were not a problem in this cavernous region of southern France, what remained of Southern France that is. A distant hum caused a bolt to shake on a metallic surface unnoticed at first by Cable who was by now preoccupied with the Latin translation of some exercises Abigail had been attempting to translate for a specific purpose. She had said to him, ‘*when the time is right, your gonna know.*’

*“Tuo sint notabilia becomes notabilia sint over the years and then from notabilia sint”*

he carried on remarking on how a third person may well have become remarkable, unawares as to the power he had to still communicate with Abigail, even though she was currently residing with Hugh Lord, as she had done in the beginning.

“Sint notabilia sint” Cable remarked to himself, going off topic.

“They are remarkable..” but his voice was cut short by something that took him completely by surprise. It was Abigail. She was standing in front of him.

“Vitae notabilia sint. Tuo vitae, sint notabilia sint” she replied. Which simply stated means *‘Life may be remarkable. Your life, may be remarkable.’*

“Cable, I’d like you to meet someone special. This is Irene Hess-Grey, Captain of the former Geodesic and also the Pillar of the Ascendancy and also the leader of the revolution and also..” she paused and gave Irene and Florian a dastardly look.

“And this is Florian Hess-Grey, her husband.” the irony of meeting two lovers who crossed one another’s paths in the midst of the stars that shine in space was an awesome thing. To think that their life expectancy at the end of the world was a near impossibility was even more awe inspiring.

### 3. The immortal survivors few



Florian stood outside of the Executive, the dreams of a ship that he couldn't remember the name of and the officer class he couldn't face were becoming the sound of a choral song he didn't even know outside of the old church parish, St Peters. It might only have been a holographic representation, but it was real to him.

"What are you singing." she called to him, yet he didn't know what the name of the song was so he just replied.

"A rhythm!" it felt like he hadn't heard the old song in an eternity, the truth was, he hadn't heard the song in nearly an eternity. Just what made him think of it as they stood at the end of time staring into the abysmal emptiness of space as the Geodesic was preparing for their first round the universe trip in four hundred and seventy five days as a routine patrol was part of the archipelago of spacial constellation jumps, the transcendent theorem leading to the unification of universal and the divergent multiverse theory. Underneath his T-shirt he wore a chain with a

zebra on it. She had given it to him all those years ago, as they stood in front of Cable. Those days were long gone, considering Irene Hess, who had now been replaced with Catherine Goodwin-Lord as the Captain for insubordination and mutiny was now locked in her cabin with the one person she found to be the most annoying human being on the planet.

“But we are not on the planet.” he replied.

“I know that but technically, we are on the planet, we’re..” she called to him.

“Irene, it doesn’t count if your a million billion miles circling around a..” she cut him short with a look that could melt butter and then almost hesitatingly shouted.

“Your a twat.” it was then that both their voices were cut short to a claxons call, whilst the malfunctioning auditory sensors of the Cable unit preinstalled as a safety backup so many years ago began to glitch as it always did when they were receiving information from the past, the present and the future in the present, their present; which was different to the present they would share tomorrow and

the day after and the day after. They were about to face the breach of Quantum Temporal Physics and were completely unawares as to the need to reach an escape hatch. The door was still jammed shut by Captains Orders. Cable attempted to lift their moods by reciting Adamantem from his memory.

“Adamantem : Noun, describing the brilliant radiance of a surface based on carbon, of a form of crystal mined by the hand of companies, battalions of slaves Africanus, who churn armouries of bejewelled hands with the custom of stealing nothing but time, energy and love for one another...”

“Cable would you skip to the end?” whilst Cable was unwilling to note just how bad things were becoming with the onset of the flood on the ship, the two of them were perfectly unawares though Irene had her gut feeling, it was never wrong. Something was going on outside.

“..Ignominious thing..” the two of them began repeating after Cable whilst Irene

pulled at an access panel whilst waiting for the useless and meaningless bit.

“..tired old rock, in golden cage, encase I, embuing you with all I had left, of rocks known as diamond.” the computer finally halted. There is a call at the door, main viewer is off-li..” and then the darkness set in as all that could be seen was the emptiness of the stars and the reflection of the same in each others eyes.

Something had happened to Cable, the lights, the doors access panel error message, even the emergency lighting. Within five minutes it was excruciatingly cold in the air, and then the sound of scratching outside of the door. There was no way that Irene and Florian could tell that a pack of Velociraptors was scratching at the door. They would eventually work out that the smell of fresh food was coming from beyond the door and all they had to do was enter the service panel of hidden tunnels networking throughout the maintenance and electricity hub of the engineering of the ships infrastructure. But just as the two of them were beginning to

wonder what the scratching was, a voice reached into the room, as with a singular hand. “Listen, the ship is going to implode. We need to get to the escape hatches. Something strange is happening to the bridge and the remainder of the crew.” her voice called out.

“Who are you?” they both replied almost completely dumstruck. Both of them being officers were clued up on most if not all members of staff. She didn’t seem familiar. “He’s coming. This isn’t the first Geodesic Crew I’ve liberated so lets quit with the niceties, come with me if you wish to continue breathing, living, loving or stay here and die.” Clare replied through the hole in the ceiling. She had arrived there especially for them.

“who are you though?” Florian still questioned, whilst Irene knew that it was now or never. Before that could happen something terrible befell the entire crew of the Geodesic as the electricity powered up and velociraptors disappeared. By then Clare Adams, Irene Hess and Florian Grey were

gone in the year of our lord, the space age and Apollo. From that moment onwards, the Big Crunch began to take effect on the Geodesic of this version of the Multiverse of worlds.

## Epistolae

Epistle





## Notary Letter

Notas

Notes